A N

E L E G Y:

OCCASIONED BY THE

Sudden and *juſtly lamented Death* of

THOMAS POWYS, Eſq.

WHO SLEPT IN CHRIST,

At his SEAT at HARDWICK,

Near SHREWSBURY,

On WEDNESDAY the 14th of *September*, 1774.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED, A

P O E M,

Addreſſed to his ſurviving but diſconſolate Lady,

Under the Appellation of NARCISSA.

——"When *ſuch* Friends part,
'Tis the *Survivor* dies!"——

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

B A T H:

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From the SHREWSBURY CHRONICLE.

ON Wedneſday morning laſt, between five and ſix o'clock, died ſuddenly of a paralytic Stroke, at his Seat at *Hardwick* in this county, THOMAS POWYS, Eſq. by whoſe death *Berwick* eſtate devolves on Thomas Powys, Eſq. of this Town.

To form a *proper* eulogiam for ſo amiable a character, would be a taſk too arduous for the editor of this paper to *attempt*. Suffice it therefore to ſay, that his Lady has great reaſon to lament the loſs of a *moſt affectionate huſband*, and all his domeſtics that of a moſt tender and indulgent *maſter*; while the *poor* (to whom he was ever acceſſable) will have abundant cauſe to mourn that their ſympathetic and generous *benefactor* is no more. In *friendſhip* he was ſteady, ſanguine, and inviolaby ſincere; and in the cauſe of GOD, zealous, yet ſelf-diffident, and diſintereſted. As to his religious principles, he invariably aehered to the great doctrines of the reformation; and his private deportment did honour to the ſentiments he eſpouſed. In ſhort, he was poſſeſſed of all thoſe amiable endowments, which could make his character refpectable to the Public, and will ever embalm his memory to the general circle of his friends.

To *NARCISSA.*

THINK not, *Narciſſa!* we have hearts of ſtone,
We catch your ſighs! and echo groan for groan!
But, what alas! is all created art,
To ſooth the anguiſh of a bleeding heart!
From *richer* ſtreams, the healing balm muſt flow,
By faith diſtill'd into the breaſt of woe.

The *cauſe*, we grant, whence your affliction ſprings,
Is ſuch as touches nature's *niceſt* ſtrings:
Tears the fine fibres of the ſoul in twain,
And proves the ſyſtem of the *Stoic* vain:
E'en faith reverb'rates at the deep-felt wound,
And all the *Chriſtian*'s in the *Lover* drown'd.
But here, ah! here, how ſhall my numbers paint,
The living *Huſband*—or the dying *Saint*?

Now,

Now, draw the picture, as it ſtrikes my view?
In colours deep!—but deeper ſtill to *You!*
Tho' vain the taſk! and here I droop behind,
The riſing *Image* ſtands before *Your* mind.
For O! HE was!—(and Heav'n confirms the page)
Too! *bright a Star!* for this degen'rate age:
Too! ripe for bliſs! to ſtay beneath thoſe ſkies,
Where pleaſure ſickens, and where comfort dies;
Where hope's gay pinions are no ſooner ſpread,
But ſome fell foe, lays the poor flutt'rer dead.
And lo! in mercy, and in boundleſs grace!
Jeſus tranſports *Him*, to the realms of peace:
In one ſhort moment, bids his cares remove,
And opens wide! the viſions of his Love:
Gives *Him* to drink, at thoſe celeſtial ſtreams,
Which wrap'd the prophets in extatic dreams;
To range the fields, where breathe immortal gales,
And whiſp'ring ſpirits tell their new-born tales;

To gaze! eternal on thoſe rays divine,
Which round the *Godhead!* and the *Manhood* ſhine.
Yet ſtill! methinks, with pity in *His* eye,
One tender glance *He* throws beneath the ſky,
Marks all *Your* anguiſh, bids your care ſubſide,
Which ſoon ſhall ſink, in *Jordon*'s friendly tide,
That ſtream, whoſe waves ſhall land *You* on a ſhore,
Where adverſe ſtorms, can never part *You* more.

Shrewſbury, Sept. 16, 1774. CLIO.

ELEGY, &c.

FROM life's gay ſcenes, and all that pleaſure yields,
Thro' *Berwick*'s bowr's, and *Hardwick*'s humble fields:
On drooping pinions lo! the muſe retreats,
To *cypreſs* groves and melancholy ſeats:
To deep-brown ſhades where ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Or only conſcious of the lover's ſtrains:
There, like ſome *turtle* in the lonely vale,
She penſive ſits, and tunes her dying tale:
While *Severn* rolls his plaintive waves along,
In melting murmurs, and invites the ſong;
Re-echos back, from all his winding ſhore,
The name of POWYS!—POWYS! now no more!
For ever dear! for ever grateful Name!
O! could my numbers, emulate thy *Fame;*
Then would *thy Worth*, in living colors riſe,
Adorn my page, and captivate the wiſe!

But

But why this wiſh? It lives! it ſhines above!
In the bright *records* of *Eternal Love;*
In that *ſeal'd book,* which *Jeſus* open'd wide,
And mark'd with *blood, freſh ſtreaming from his ſide:*
Haſt *thou* not ſeen it? (*gentle Spirit* ſay)
And look'd, and gaz'd *thy* raviſh'd *ſoul* away?
Kiſs'd the dear *ſignet* of *thy Saviour*'s *hand,*
Amongſt the *names* where all his *jewels* ſtand?

But where, ah! where, ſublimely would I rove?
Faith drops her plumes, and leaves me in the grove:
To humbler *ſcenes,* directs my trembling eyes,
And bids me trace HIM, in NARCISSA's ſighs!
There, deep engraven *on her faithful breaſt,*
His image ſtands, by all the *loves* impreſs'd:
Fills *her fond thoughts,* in ev'ry place appears,
Twines round *her heart!* and mingles *with her tears!*
Nor, ſhall the picture ever fade away,
But open brighter, in the blaze of day;

When

When *her rapt ſoul*, ſhall feel the ſoft *diſmiſs*,
And meet H I M blooming in the Climes of Bliſs.
Still would'ſt thou ſoar, beyond created things,
And baſk in æther, thy unhallow'd wings?
Raſh *muſe!* forbear, and as the viſion fades,
See! where PIETAS beckons thro' the ſhades:
A ſolemn ſadneſs, hangs upon his face,
And melting accents iſſue from the place:
Hark! *how he groans!* and thus it ſtrikes mine ear;
"*Life, friendſhip, Powys*, are no longer here!"
But now, revers'd, methinks I hear him cry,
"*Life! friendſhip! Powys!* dwell above the ſky!"
Near the ſame ſpot (retreating from a *ſtorm*,)
I mark *Religion*, in DE COURCY's form:
See! where he ſtands, and with dejected look,
Turns o'er the pages of a *myſtic book*;*
A noble firmneſs mingles with his care,
He bears the ſtroke, becauſe 'tis *written there*:

* The Book of Divine Providence.

Yet, now and then, he heaves the gentle ſigh!
And wipes the big drop, trembling in his eye:
Marks where NARCISSA ſits, abſorb'd in grief,
And flies impatient to afford relief:
Hard taſk alas! for who can heal the *heart;*
Save, HE that form'd it, with exquiſite art?
Drew ſuch *nice fibres,* through the *feeling* ſoul,
That, touch but *one,* and lo! it ſtrikes the *whole.*

But, as I gaze around the ſolemn ſhade,
What *forms* are theſe, that mix in yonder glade?
In ſlow proceſſion, lo! they move along,
Weakneſs and *age,* compoſe the helpleſs throng:
Some *liſp* their anguiſh, others *moan aloud,*
And broken accents, murmur thro' the crowd.
—Some *guardian Angel,* whiſpers in mine ear—
"Theſe are the POOR, whom POWYS lov'd ſo dear!
Sought out aſſiduous, from the *humble ſhed,*
Cloath'd with his *bounty,* from his *table fed!*

Gave,

Gave, the ſad evening of their days to run,
In ſmoother channels than they firſt begun:
E'en *infants* now, ſhall one day bleſs *his name*,
Rival the muſe! and conſecrate *his fame*."

But hark! methinks I hear a diſtant ſound,
Like ſome old *temple* tott'ring to the ground:
Does *nature* ſhake? or is it *Micha'l* calls?
No! ZION groans! thro' all her hallow'd walls!
In bitter anguiſh tells her deep-felt pains,
And weeps the *loſs* her *building* now ſuſtains:
For, who like POWYS, lov'd her *ſacred laws?*
Or *glow'd* more *ardent* to *promote* her *cauſe?*
Before her *altars*, brought a fairer *fame?*
Or ſtood adoring with a purer *flame?*

And muſt ſuch *ſtars*, the glory of her courts,
Her nobleſt *pillars*, and her beſt *ſupports;*
Muſt ſuch! who, next to that Almighty hand,
That *rear'd* the *pile*, and bid the *building* ſtand?

Muſt

Muſt theſe to *death* become an *early* prey,
And leave us mourning, in theſe *tents* of *clay?*
Yes, 'twas decree'd, and who ſhall dare complain,
Or blame one link of *God*'s *eternal chain?*
Be dumb for ever! and, as mortals ought,
Adore that *wiſdom* which *confounds* thy thought!
Myſt'ries like theſe, ſhall one day be reveal'd,
And more admir'd, becauſe they were conceal'd:
A POWYS then, in heav'nly *ſcience wiſe,*
Shall ſpread the plan, before thy wond'ring eyes!
Teach thee, juſt ent'ring on an angel's *birth,*
What *he* hath learnt, ſince *diſengag'd* from *earth:*
The plot unravel, and the ſcheme explore,
Which *ſeraphs* worſhip, and which *ſaints* adore!
'Till that bleſt hour, at *reſignation*'s ſhrine,
In patience wait, and all thy cares reſign:
Theſe ſhades of night, ſhall quickly paſs away,
And *heav'n* burſt on thee in a *flood* of *day!*

F I N I S.